

# **VOL. 2.**

### THE PHILOSOPHER'S STORY.

A Strange Tale of old Yorkshire. CONTINUED FROM OUR ISSUE OF FEB. 14,

CHAPTER IV.

THE night set in gusty and tem-pestuous, and the moon was all girt with ragged clouds. The wind blew in melancholy gusts, sobbing and sighing over the moor, and setting all the gorse-bushes agroaning. From time to time a little sputter of rain pattime to time a little sputter of rain pat-tered up against the window-pane. I sat until near midnight glancing over the fragment on immortality by Iam-blichus, the Alexandrian platonist, of whom the Emperor Julian said that he was posterior to Plato in time, but not in genius. At last, shuting up my book, I opened my door and took a last look at the dreary fall and still more dreary sky. As I protruded my head, a swoop of wind caught me, and sent the red ashes of my pipe sparkling and dancing through the darkness. At the same moment the moon shone brilliant-ly out from between two clouds, and I tered up against the same moment the moon shone-brilliant-ly out from between two clouds, and I saw, sitting on the hillside, not two hundred yards from my door, the man who called himself the surgeon of Gas-ter Fell. He was squatted among the heather, his elbows upon his knees, and his chin resting upon his hands, as motionless as a stone, with his gaze fixed steadily on the door of my dwell-ing.

ing. At the sight of this ill-omened sentin-el, a chill of horror and of fear shot through me, for his gloomy and myster-ious associations had cost a glamor round the man, and the hour and place were in keeping with his sinster pres-ence. In a moment, however, a wanly glow of resentment and self-confiddence drove this petty emotion from my mind, and I strode fearlessly in his direction. He rose as I approached, and faced me, with the moon shining on his grave with the moon shining on his grave bearded face and glittering on his eye-balls. "What is the meaning of this?" I cried as I came up to him. "What right have you to play the spy on me?

me? I could see the flush of anger rise on his face. "Your'stay in the country has made you forget your manners," he said. "The moor is free to all." "You will say next that my house is free to all," I said hotly. "You have had the impertmence to ransack it in my absence this afternoon."

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Hy absence this afternoon." He started, and his features showed the most intense excitement. "I swear to you that I had no hand in it," he cried. "I have never set foot in your house in my life. Oh sir, sir, if you will but believe me, there is a danger hang-ing over you, and you would do well to be careful."

"I have had enough of you," I said. I saw the coward blow you struck when you thought no human eye rested upon I have here to your cottage too you thought no human eye rested upon you. I have been to your cottage, too, and know all that it has to tell. If there is law in England, you shall hang for what you have done. As to me, I am an old soldier, sir, and I am armed. I shall not fasten my door. But if you or any other villain attempt to cross my threshold, it shall be at your own risk." With these words I swung round upon my heel and strode into my cabin. When I looked back at him from the door he was still looking at me, a gloomy figure among the heather, with his head sunk low upon his breast. I slept fitfully all that night; but I heard no more of this strange sentinel withpanting and gasping, as of one who had travelled fast and far. Only the thickness of the door separated me from this hard-breathing, light-treading night-walker. I am no coward; but the wildness of the night, with the vag-ue warning which I had had, and the proximity of this strange visitor, so un-nerved me that my mouth was too dry for speech. I stretched out my hand, however, and grasped my sabre, with my eyes still bent upon the door. I prayed in my heart that the thing, what-ever it might be, would but knock or threaten or hail me, or give any clue as to its character. Any known danger was better than this awful silence, brok-en only by the rhythmic panting. By the flickering light of the expiring

By the flickering light of the expiring lamp I could see that the latch or my door was twitching, as though a gentle pressure were exerted on it from with-out. Slowly, slowly, it rose, until it was door was twitching, as though a gentle pressure were exerted on it from with-out. Slowly, slowly, it rose, until it was free of the catch, and then there was a pause of a quarter minute or more, while I still sat silent, with dilated eyes and drawn sabre. Then, very slowly, the door began to revolve upon its hinges, and the keen air of the night came whistling through the slit. Very cautiously it was pushed open, so that never a sound came from its rusty hinges. As the aperture enlarged, I be-came aware of a dark shadowy figure upon my threshold, and of a pale face that looked in at me. The features were human, but the eyes were not. They seemed to burn througi the dark-ness with a greenish brillinge of their own; and in their baleful slifty glare I was conscious of the very spirit of mur-der. Springing from my chair, I had raised my naked sword, when, with a wild shouting, a second figure dashed up to my door. At its approach my shadowy wisitant uttered a shrill cry, and fled away across the fells, yelping like a beaten hound. The two creatur-es were the very genii of the beating wind and the howing rain.

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Tinging with my recent fear, I stood at at my door, peering throug it he night the discordant cry of the fugative still ringing in my ears. At that the discordant cry of the fugative still ringing in my ears. At that whole lardscape and the discorder at that distance the contrast between them rapidity afross the fells. Even the strongest Protestant control of adhered the second was my neighbor the surrout the second was my neighbor the surrout the at that distance the contrast between them forbade all doult as to their in the Dormost wave, and of allower the second was my neighbor the surrout the second was surger second. To an the tormost wave, and of allower half the scholars are Methodist scholars of modern mission to the tark and so for a weapon. To and the total value of our fulla mission to the adarknes, the top had the scholars are Methodist scholars of the more harmless, the top had the scholars are Methodist scholars of the surdey school work is and nearly half the scholars are Methodist scholars of the dould as the moment what the fellow's as still a daugerous implement in the sudden scholar scholars of the const success. Not the markings upon it, so that it was still a daugerous implement in the sudden to flight. There could no longer baa still a daugerous implement in the sudden to flight. The series thad driven hith of the surge of his sist.
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no more of this strange sentinel with-out, nor was he to be seen when I look ed out in the morning.

For two days the wind freshioned and increased with constant squalls of rain, until on the third night the most furious storm was raging which I can ever recollect in England. The thunder roared and rattled overhead, while the roared and rattled overhead, while the incessant lightning flashes illuminated the heavens. The wind blew intermit-tently, now sobbing away into a calm, and then of a sudden, beating and howl-ing at my window-pane until the glass-es rattled in their frames. The air was charged with electricity, and its pecul-iar influence, combined with the strange episodes with which I had been recently connected, made me morbidly wakeful and acutely sensitive. I felt that it was auseless to go to bed, nor could I concenand acutely sensitive. I felt that it was asseless to go to bed, nor could I concen-trate my mind sufficiently to read a book. I turned my lamp half-down to moderate the glare, and leaning back in my.chair, I gave myself up to reverie. I must have lost all perception of time, for I have no recollection how long I sat there on the borderland betwixt thought and slumber. At last, about there or, possibly, four o'clock, I came a to myself with a start-not only came a nerve upon the strain. Looking round b my.chamber in the dim light, I could in the seanything to justify my sudden trepidation. The homely room, the xain-blurred window, and the rude y wooden door were all as they had been. I had begun to persuade myself that y not see anything to justify my sudden trepidaton. The homely room, the arain-blurred window, and the rude wooden door were all as they had been. I had begun to persuade myself that some half formed dream had sent that vague thrill through my nerves, when in a moment I became conscious of what it was. It was a sound, the sound of a human step outside my solitary the wind, I could hear it—a dull, steal-thy foot-fall, now on the grass, now on the sones—occasionally stopping en tirely, then resumed, and ever drawing nearer. I sat breathlessly, listening to the eerie sound. It had stopped now at my very door, and was replaced by a

Tuesday evening, 3rd inst., Rev. E. St. Yates delivered his lecture, entitled "The Jesuits, their origin and history," in the agricultural hall. The audience was small, possibly because of the un popularity of the subject. or from the fact that some regarded the lecture as a political scheme to bridge the difficulty existing between S. R. Hesson, the Con-servative candidate, and his constitu-ents on the score of the Jesuits Estates Act, which Mr. Hesson sanctioned by his vote in the Commons. However, it was quite evident that that idea nev-er entered the mind of the speaker. ref it was quite evident that that idea nev-it was quite evident that that idea nev-ly er entared the mind of the speaker. He traced the origin and history of the Society of Jesus in the light of history, endeavoring to prove that the Order was founded on truth and righteous-ness. He charged Protestantism with undue prejudice and unprovoked hat-red toward Jesuitism. In brief, he en-deavored to build up the argument that Jesuitism was of noble birth, its mem-ters martyrs to the cause of God, and were thus entitled to our silent respect and esteem if not laudatory tribute and it applause. He related an incident in blessed him and prayed with him, the influence of which resulted in his con-version. The rev. gentleman is a flu-tent speaker, possesses a strong, clear s youce, and uses eloquent language.

wide, is known as the Isle of Axholm, surrounded by three rivers, the Trent, the Don and the Idle. We could never imagine that a few centuries ago this beautiful spot was a mere swamp sub-ject to almost constant inundation. Early in the seventh century in the reign of the Stuarts, this land was re-claimed by a great engineer under the direction of the government. The land was for the most part divided among was for the most part divided among the people inhabiting the neighboring the people inhabiting the heighboring country, this division was made not in to fields as one might suppose, but in-to narrow strips which extended a mile to fields as one might suppose, but in-to narrow strips which extended a mile or so in length. These strips are not divided by fences or other marks of boundary, but each owner knows exact ly where his property ends. With this remarkable district, situated on a small hill is a market town which has become of greatinterest to the religious world, and is the theme of our present study. The town bears the name of ground. According to the usualcus-to the English have dropped the Hi and we have Epworth. On a hill with in the town stands the church of St. James, which presents the appearance of a typical English villagecturch, over this parson of his ability and charles Wesley, the father of John and Charles Wesley, there might have been many a more

we may change our opinion to some extent. In fact one writer tells us that John Wesley entered the Charter house a saint and left it a sinner. John Wes ley was educated up to the age of 17 at the Charter house, London, and at that age he was sent to Oxford College, where he was noticed most of all for his skill in logic. We find in the com-mencement of his college career he began to be more serious in regard to spiritual matters, and in 1725 he was ordained as an Edglish church clergy-man by Dr. Potter, Bishop of Oxfard. In 1726 he was elected fellow of Lin-coln College, from which position his opponents endeavored to keep him, most of all on account of his religious principles. Next we find him his fathsermon. He filed on the 2nd of March, 1791, having lived 88 years and spent 65 of them in the ministry and for the elevation of mankind. He was buried at the City Road chapel, London,

## Additional Local Items.

It is expected that the services in the Baptist church next Sunday will be conducted by Rev. J. P. McEwen, sup-erintendent of the Baptist Home Mis-